



THOUGHTS OF PEACE



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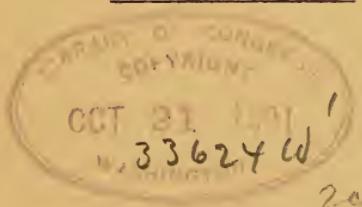




THOUGHTS OF PEACE

BY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
MY PEACE	9
AT MORNING	11
THE MORNING STAR	11
BUDS AND BLOSSOMS	12
THE OPINION OF OTHERS	15
GOD'S REST	17
WHITHERSOEVER	18
IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?	18
THE HOLY SPIRIT	19
GOD'S LOVE	21
NOONTIDE IN THE WOODS	22
SPIRIT GIFTS	24
MY HEART'S MESSAGE	25
CHRISTIAN LOVE	27
MUCH MORE	28
MY PRAYER	30
THE NEW NAME	31
A PRAYER FOR COMPASSION	33
NOW AND HEREAFTER	34

	PAGE.
THE SOUL'S OBSERVATORY	35
IN AFTER DAYS	37
CLOSE OF THE SABBATH	38
RESTING	39
AT EVENING	39
EASTER HYMN	43
AN EASTER REVERIE	44
OUR EASTER HOPE	45
THE NATION'S AFFLICITION	47
THE DYING SOLDIERS	49
ANNIVERSARY THOUGHTS	51
ANNIVERSARY SONGS	54
OUR LIFE PICTURE	56
MY WEDDING MORN	59
AT EIGHTY	60
HARVEST THOUGHTS	62
APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE	62
CHRISTMAS ANGELS	64
THE FIRST CHILDREN'S DAY	69
A FANCY	70
TO HELEN IRENE	71
PROPHECY	72
TO AMY	74
LITTLE GIRL FROM GEORGIA ,	75
TO HELEN	75
BEREAVEMENT	79

	PAGE.
ANOTHER GONE HOME	80
LITTLE RALPH	82
PEARL	84
ONLY YESTERDAY	84
GRANDMOTHER'S THIMBLE	85
MUST WE WAIT TILL THE PARTING?	87
BEYOND	89
HEART-LIFE	90
HIS WAY OR MINE?	91
WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?	92
PROMISE	93

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

THOUGHTS OF PEACE.

MY PEACE.

WHEN the sunlight, the beautiful sunlight
Of the golden summer days,
Shimmers down through the thick-leaved orchard
In a sweet and mystic haze ;
When the brook whispers low, and the ether
Is filled with a dream of song,
And the sky is blue and cloudless
Where the birds sing all day long,

Then, ah then, with a smile, we murmur
The beautiful rest-word, " Peace."
And we fold our hands in that moment,
And wish it would never cease.
The breeze in the tree-top rustles,
Above float soft clouds of fleece,
And the heart's at rest. You remember,—
Is not that your dream of peace?

'T was mine in the days that have ended,
I loved it so well that I yearned
To rest in its sweet hush, and listen
 All day with life's lessons unlearned.
I have dreamed of another peace, sweeter
 Than the calm of the heavenly shore;
I have found the sweet peace that passeth
 All knowledge I had before.

'T is the peace that my Saviour giveth
 Amid the world's rude cares,
The peace that rests in His power,
 Amid temptation's snares.
So I turn to His Word for a moment,
 When my heart is ill at ease,
For He says, "These things have I spoken,
 That in me ye might have peace."

I always find a message
 That soothes and gives me rest,
A message that calls the song-bird
 Back to my troubled breast.
Then I thank Him that songs and sunshine
 May rest in my happy heart,
Amid life's cares and trials,
 Through the peace His words impart.

AT MORNING.

A MANTLE of softest, purest snow
Lay over the morning land ;
The sky was all of the clearest blue,
With ribbons of rose-hue spanned.

I looked abroad o'er the fair, white fields,
And up to the tender sky ;
My heart in impulse of purest joy
Was lifted to God on high.

I had found it hard, in my weakness sore,
Temptation's power to shun,
But the holy charm of that morning hour
With God, on the hillside, won.

My heart is fixed. I am wholly His,
To be used in His own dear way,
And I pray that, as pure as the morning world,
He will keep my heart alway.

THE MORNING STAR.

S MILE, star of the morn. Thy sweet, soft ray
The darkness of my sad heart penetrates,

And bids me lift my eyes above.
I know that there bright beings move
Around the throne of Him whose love
Led Him to die for us.

Beam on till the day blushes and smiles,
And wraps all sorrow safe in happiness.
I look for that blest, happy day,
When with all earth-stains washed away,
With those I love in bright array,
I 'll sing His praises sweet.

Shine, star of that morn. I see it now,
And following its guide, o'er desert wastes,
Or shady walks, or waters still,
I 'll strive to do His own sweet will,
And then His "Welcome home" shall fill
My soul with sweetest joy.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

| RECEIVED a gift from a friend, one day,
Fairer than then I knew.
'T was a spray of tiny tight-closed buds,
Scarce beautiful to the view.

I carelessly thanked her and took the gift.

I gave but little thought
To the beauty hidden within, nor yet
The message with which they were fraught.

I placed them alone in a tiny glass,
And thought of them no more,
Until a new day had come to bring
Of joy and grief its store.

Some fancied trouble had caused my face
An unrestful look to wear;
But when, my morning duties done,
I went to the window, where

My buds were waiting, the shadow fled,
There shone a newer light.
A reverent thrill passed over me
Of wondering, sweet delight.

For there, in glorious beauty fair,
More eloquent by far
Than word of tongue or pen to me,
Smiled a beautiful Bethlehem's Star.

Its lesson of trust and joy and peace
Came home with a winsome power;

And the gift, that perhaps I had lightly prized,
Was a rich and holy dower.

The Father once brought a gift to me
Fairer than then I knew.
I saw not all it should after be,
So I prized that lightly, too.

I could not realize half how sweet
Was the promise of what He sent,
Nor dreamed it could ever mean to me
Half what it afterwards meant.

But once when I longed for a loving face,
For sympathy and cheer,
I found my blossomed gift's loveliness
In a friendship blessed, dear.

'T is ever thus. We fondly prize
The perfect flower's grace,
But often fail the prophecy
In the closed bud to trace.

Our inspirations to be all
He ever meant for us,—
To lead some lives to better things
And be a blessing thus,—

Have blossomed from the buds that Love
Within our hands has pressed.
Ah! precious gifts! thy blossoming
Was unto life more blest.

Oh, let us learn, with God, to read
The bud's fair promise bright,
And ever cherish tenderly
These gifts of truth and light!

And let us nevermore withhold,
Though only buds we give,
For, blossoming, our tokens may
To endless blessing live.

The tiny bud we offer shall
A holy guerdon prove,
If, pulsing in its veins, there be
The life of truth and love.

THE OPINION OF OTHERS.

YOU care too much, my darling,
For what others think of you,
To be to the best that is in you
Perfectly, holily true.

If some one misunderstands you,
Why worry and suffer so?
Forget not the tender Father
Thine innermost heart doth know.

Are you better, or worse, for the caring?
Do those proud, rebellious thoughts
Sweeten your nature, darling,
Or are they all sad blots?
After all, is not this the trouble,—
That pride has received a blow,
And self been denied the honor
You felt it deserved to know?

Perhaps you did mean, truly,
Better than was believed;
But, perhaps, just perhaps, a thought came
Of comfort to be received
From the fact that others noticed.
Ah, well! I can not know,
Yet I truly think, my darling,
'T is not best to be caring so.

To be really noble, darling,
To be really happy, too,
We need only God's approval
Of all we may say or do.

He knows each thought and action,
And I think His will would be
That we put self aside, looking upward,
Then go forth brave and free.

Our strivings the Father knoweth,
And o'er us His blessings fall,
So, whatever others' verdict,
We are growing, after all.
So care not too much, my darling,
What others may think of you,
But be to the best that is in you
Perfectly, holily true.

GOD'S REST.

GOD'S rest! Are you sure you possess it,—
The beautiful rest divine,
Which keeps the soul calm and uplifted
Both in darkness and fair sunshine?

God's rest! It is peace beyond knowledge,
Joy heightened, and sorrow blest.
And the place of His rest is in Jesus,
And the way to it love confessed,

WHITHERSOEVER.

“ Whithersoever thou goest, I will lead thee.”

WHITHERSOEVER ! Dear friend, how I wonder
 Where it may be that our pathways shall lead !
 But then, does it matter when this is the promise,
 “ Whithersoever thou goest,” indeed ?

No ; though we cross the wide ocean, or desert,
 And part from each friend that has grown to be
 dear,
 Still He is with us, and still, through the silence,
 Ever His whispers of peace we may hear.

And often beneath the calm mercy-seat’s shadow,
 Dear friends, far apart, at the hour of prayer,
 Will meet as of old and will share in His blessing,
 For “ whithersoever ” must ever lead there.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

“ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? ” — SAM. 1: 12.

| S it nothing to you that the Saviour died ;
 | That He pleads for you at the Father’s side ?
 Nothing to you that His tender love
 Asks you His promised grace to prove ?

Is it nothing to you that His word He gave
To teach you of glory beyond the grave,
To lovingly show you the dangers of sin,
And the way to be holy and pure within?

Is it nothing to you that one blessed day
The King will come on His glorious way
To gather His dear ones to His side,
Forever and ever to there abide?

Is it nothing to you that some shall be
Shut out from that holy company,
Because of rejecting, with pride and scorn,
Christ's gift of grace to the soul new-born?

Is it nothing to you? Perhaps not, now,
As at feeble altars of earth you bow.
But the truth of God is grand and high;
'T will be everything to you by and by.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

MATT. 12: 31, 32.

THE streets of the city were crowded with people,—
 Impotent, feeble, the rich and the poor.
Jesus was there, healing, helping, and cheering
 With words full of tenderness ne'er known before.

How sad that amongst the crowd gathered about
Him

Must come, with their scoffing, the Pharisees
proud!

How sad that the ears of the dear loving Saviour
Must listen to taunting and blasphemy loud!

What wonder He turned to them tenderly grieving,
To utter a warning of solemn import!

Dost think that the Pharisees could have been ready
To answer His words with an angry retort?

“Ye scorn Me, ye mock Me, oh, cruel ones, spare
Me.

And yet I can bear with you, scoff as ye may,
Not only the Son of the Highest is Jesus,
But, like you, a man, walking life’s thorny way.

“There cometh Another,—a Spirit so gentle,
So holy, so dovelike! Oh, grieve not His heart!
Your scoffing will wound Him, His love cannot
bear it,

In sadness and sorrow,—ne’er let Him depart.

“Ye hurt Me; ye pain Me; and yet I can bear it.
This sin will My Father in Heaven forgive;
But grieve not the Spirit, lest haply He leave you,
Without whom no soul can eternally live.”

GOD'S LOVE.

"He will rest in His love."—ZEPH. 3: 17.
Hebrew rendering: "He will be silent in His love."

LONG to speak the beauty rare of yonder sky
Arching in sweet tranquility.
I long to whisper glowing words when peace de-
scends,
And the rich grandeur all the quiet heaven rends ;
When sunsets fire the western hilltops and surround
The earth, and leave the distant mountains jewel-
crowned.

I long to speak the blissful thoughts that rise in me.
When all of Nature's wealth I see.
But more I long for pow'r to fitly speak of Him
Who fills my cup of joy unto its utmost brim.
Yet I cannot. Love's jewels lie sometimes too deep
To be upraised to speech. The heart their wealth
would keep.

The life we live, the deeds of truth and beauty
shown,
Express the love our hearts have known.
And there are times when hearts indeed are dumb
With love beyond expression, and our spirits come
Into the very presence of our God, and hold
Communion with Jehovah in ways manifold.

Yet God loves more than we ; and one day we shall
know

The love unfathomed here below.

Oh ! precious thought of His great love ! When
God hath brought

Home to their joy the loved ones that His grace
hath sought,

He shall be silent in His overwhelming love,
And truly thus shall He its depth and richness prove.

Unspeakable the love He bears for us, His own.

In all things is its sweetness shown.

Shall we not learn of Him to love ? Shall we not give
Our hearts, our lives, our all, to Him who would that
we should live ?

And so, at last, among the happy ransomed wait,
O'er whose redemption He shall joy with love so
great ?

NOONTIDE IN THE WOODS.

HUSHED and calm in the noontide sun
The fields and the woods were lying.
Even the insects had gone to sleep,
And ceased their restless crying.

So on to the heart of the woods I pressed,
For I knew that a song was waiting
To sing itself to my listening ear,
If I sought it, evil hating.

The grand old trees were whispering
Softly and sweetly together,
And slowly and solemnly murmuring praise
For the fair and sunny weather.
The silver threads of the spider's web
Flashed in the sweet sun-spaces,
And the sheen of dew in leaf-cups held,
Lighted the darker places.

From the noontide glory of burning light
To the tall trees' shade and sweetness
The birds had fled, for a dreamy hour,
To joy in life's completeness.
Anon a questioning chirp I heard,
The branches above me parted,
And down through the deeper gloom below
A feathered comrade darted.

All things whispered of Truth and Peace,
To better life alluring,
And in my heart emotions fair
And blest were sweetly stirring.

And when I left the woodland aisles,
Hushed in the noontide lying,
I knew I was stronger to go my way,
Evil and sin denying.

SPIRIT GIFTS.

I CANNOT see the glory rare of all earth's fairy
bowers,
I cannot, in a lifetime, learn all Nature's noble
powers.
I may not sit beside the founts that sparkle in the
lands
Across the rolling ocean's foam on lovely, foreign
strands.

I cannot read the noble thoughts that all true
authors pen.
I cannot hear all lovely songs and symphonies.
What then?
Shall I, despairing, sigh and say, "If not the whole,
not one?"
Because I cannot taste of all, shall I accept of none?

Hush, hush, my soul, and listen now as moonlight
whispers fall,
And calming, restful zephyrs sing, "Thy God is
over all."
It is His hand apportions thee thy share, for all is
His;
And thou mayst grow to angelhood on but a crumb
of this.

Take as a precious gift thy lot. It is thy very need.
And on its rich experience, its happy lessons feed.
The Father in His mercy sweet will not from thee
withhold
Aught that would truly bless thy soul, of truth, or
power, or gold.

Nor aught of inspiration born of loveliness or song
Will He deny thy spirit. To Him doth all belong.
Then receive and joy in holding what gifts He
offers thee,
Looking for blest completeness in His eternity.

MY HEART'S MESSAGE.

JUST one sweet moment from my work I step aside
To let thee speak, my longing, struggling heart.

Give utterance to the thoughts possessing thee, I
pray,

And, oh, some strong and pure impulse impart !

I need it in the busy whirl of daily life.

What does God's blessed Spirit say to thee ?

I hear, I hear. Sweet happy words of glad com-
mand,—

“Soul, meditate by day, by night, on Me.”

But ah ! What time have I when cares and trials
swirl

In madd'ning hurry round me, as I work ?

God sends it all. Is it not right to lift my cross ?

And yet it seems, a tempting thing, to lurk

Forever where my Bethel I would raise to Him

Who bids me meditate on His dear love.

Should it be thus ? O heart, speak yet again,
By blessed unction from the throne above.

“He sent the cross. He also sends the sweet com-
mand.

He does not, now, forget that thou art frail.
Lean on His might. Ask Him to help thee keep
this word.

A power, a blessing it shall thee avail.

“ Let every trial sweetened be by thoughts of Him.
Let every sorrow fade compared to all
Thy Saviour bore for thee; and his compassion deep
Shall ever round thee as a glory fall.”

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

BLEST be the tie, the precious tie, that circles
every land
And binds all Christian hearts in love, the evil to
withstand.
Oh, precious gift of heavenly grace in human hearts
made known,
The fruitage fair of love and peace by the dear Mas-
ter sown !

Dear one, if thou art His, thy heart by this sweet
tie is bound
To other, loving, Christian hearts wherever they be
found.
Then let thy love, o'erflowing, bless some laborer in
His name.
A blessing shall it bear away, and bring to thee the
same.

Oh, let us seek, as one, to teach the restless world
of peace,—

The peace, more sweet than earthly joy, that bids
all sorrow cease,

And let us take the blessed name of Jesus every-
where;

Before that Name the world must bow! Then labor
on, with prayer.

And sing, O heart, “Blest be the tie that binds”
our souls in love,

The precious bond of unity centered in heaven
above!

Oh, may the blessed chorus ring across the land and
sea,

While, in His Name, we labor on for God’s eternity!

MUCH MORE.

“The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.”

—2 CHRON. 25:9.

O H, weary soul, sore troubled,
Look up and comfort take,
The Lord will give a blessing,
His own He’ll not forsake.

For richer things await thee,
Thy soul in peace shall live,
Much more than this the Father
Is able now to give.

Fear not to ask for great things,
Canst thou o'erreach His power,
His wondrous love and mercy,
Who cares for thee each hour?
Thy longings bring before Him;
But, if there should be one
Thou shouldst not dare to carry
Before that holy throne,

Then pray that He may cancel
That wish within thy heart,
And newer, sweeter longings
By His dear grace impart.
List not to Satan's pleading;
Whate'er thy wish may be,
Much more than this the Father
Will freely give to thee.

And, though the tempter offer
A seeming good, the Lord
More restful joy and comfort
Than all will thee afford.

For He will give thee richly
The blessings of His love
And make thee fit for sharing
The untold joys above.

O weary soul, sore troubled,
There waits for thee a song,
Accept the peace of Jesus,
And go forth glad and strong.
Whatever earth may offer
Of pride or liberty,
The Lord can give more richly,
It is His wish for thee.

MY PRAYER.

BECAUSE Thou lovest me, my Jesus,
I am content.
I would in Thy delightful service
Spend and be spent.
Close to Thy loving side, dear Saviour,
Ever I'd press.
For in Thy blessed love and favor
Is happiness.

Because Thou lovest me, dear Jesus,
I can not fear.
For sorrow, trial, and temptation
Thou'l help me bear.
Feeling Thy arms of love about me,
Strength shall be mine.
I would go forth undaunted ever,
My hand in Thine.

Because Thou lovest me, my Jesus,
Power I may have
To lead the sinning to the Hope of Ages,
Mighty to save.
Keep me so close to Thee, dear Saviour,
That I may be
More fit for sweet and holy service,—
This all my plea.

THE NEW NAME.

MAN of Sorrows, once the Saviour
Lived for us on earth below;
Man of Patience, now He waiteth
While the years of pleading flow;

Man of Joy He shall be shortly
When He gathers home His own,
Bright, unspotted, faultless, holy,
Brought before the Father's throne.

Glad hearts, satisfied, exultant,
Triumphing in His dear power,
Shall be filled with praise unbounded.
Oh, the glory of that hour !
Then the tender, blessed Bridegroom
Fear and sinning shall destroy,
And upon each brow write sweetly
His own glorious name of joy.

What to us will seem the trials
Of this wilderness just then,
When the glory of our Saviour
Dawns upon our vision, when,
All our heart with love o'erflowing,
We receive that holy name,
No one knows but our Redeemer !
Blessed secret ! glorious fame !

A PRAYER FOR COMPASSION.

THE highways and hedges! O pitying God,
Look down on Thy suffering ones!
"As sheep with no shepherd," here, thither they
roam,
Heeding not thy sweet, pleading tones.

As Thou, when on earth, didst the multitude draw,
Oh, draw them to Thee at this day!
Fill our hearts with compassion, with earnestness,
zeal,
Oh, teach us to work and to pray!

"The harvest is white"; at our doors I can see
Full many a sheaf to be sought,
And over the hills in the afternoon sun
Stretch wide fields where no lab'rer has wrought.

Unreaped in the afternoon sun! O my God,
Revive us and send us Thy power!
Dear Father, I fear for the poor, broken sheaves,
That must fall at the late sunset hour,

Unless some one gathers them tenderly home
To Thy garner of blessing and rest,—
Unless some one will take up the work and the joy,
And follow their Saviour's behest.

Dear Father, send some to them speedily now
Who will count the joy, not the cost.
Oh, pity them, Father! and make us to feel
Compassion for multitudes lost.

NOW AND HEREAFTER.

DO you ever grow so weary with the burden of the day,
That the quiet rest of evening seems very far away?
Do you find it hard, o'erburdened, and really almost ill,
Sweet, pleasant words to utter for fretful ones that chill?

Do you wonder why so heavy is the burden that you bear?

Why so little strength is given you to lift your weight of care?

The Father knoweth, surely, as you shall know at length.

Oh, flee to Him, your Helper, your Everlasting Strength!

The burden, hard to carry, will one day be removed,
And God's own loving wisdom be wonderfully proved.

Yes, we shall know, hereafter, and 't is not far away,
God's quiet rest at evening beyond life's weary day.

THE SOUL'S OBSERVATORY.

YOU love the starlight? Then listen, my dear one,
To the words that I have for your ear,
Of the Starlight, the Sunlight, the Lovelight of
heaven,—
Of the sky that is ever clear.

There is a spot where the Christian may view it,
And drink in its beauty so fair,—
A spot that he loves with the purest devotion;
'T is the precious closet of prayer.

There, as he gazes above through the earth-mist,
The wonders of God are revealed.
There are unfolded the glories unfathomed,
From the eyes of the world concealed.

Above, in its beauty and holiness shining,
Filling his bosom with peace,
Beams the Star of Bethlehem calmly and clearly,
Bidding all doubting cease.

E'er as he seeks it, it beckons him nearer
The beautiful home of the soul;
So he follows its guiding, and onward and upward,
Still speeds toward the heav'nly goal.

When the night-shadows solemnly gather above him
In the dying sunset-light,
He seeks the dearly loved place of devotion,
And at eventide it is light.

For God giveth songs in the night to His children,
And darkness and sorrow and sin
Flee away in the light that shines freely and sweetly
The trusting heart within.

And the soul is bathed in the sweet rays of healing,
Comforting, soothing, and blest,
That beam from the bright Sun of Righteousness
ever,
Into the heart oppressed.

All the glorious orbs of God's unclouded heaven
Beam out o'er the upward way,
And brighter and brighter the pathway still shineth
Unto the perfect day.

IN AFTER DAYS.

In after days! O Father, as I wait
Beneath the shadow of this sorrow great,
Hope seems to fail. The burden seems to weigh
Too heavily, too sadly; and the way
Seems long and dreary. Father, can it be
That glorious joy at last awaiteth me,
In after days?

In after days! And shall I joyful sing,
And worship Thee in peace and calm, my King?
Is sunshine falling from Thy glorious throne
Upon a path with flowers overgrown?
And can it be that resting shall supplant
The weary tossing—rest, for which I pant—
In after days?

In after days! But oh! I need not wait
To feel Thee near to cheer, to compensate.
Thou art with me, my Saviour and my God,
Thou knowest all, for Thou the path hast trod,
In weakness is Thine own strength perfected.
I need not wait with Thy grace to be fed
Till after days.

In after days! What matter, after all,
What they may bring, so that Thy blessing fall!

There shall come joy for pain, for trusting, sight,
For long and dreary shadow, endless light,
When Thou dost call us home to be with Thee,
And when we reach, in glad Eternity,
 Thy after days.

CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

Beautiful voices lifted in song,
Beautiful thoughts that to true hearts belong,
Beautiful hopes in beautiful ways,
 Closing the best of days!

Beautiful faith that's forging of gold,
Beautiful links 'twixt new and old ;
Beautiful Sabbath, beautiful home,
 Where we with Him may come.

Beautiful trust that gives us to-day,
Beautiful hopes in an untried way ;
Beautiful mem'ry witnessing low,
 Sweetly for Jesus now.

Beautiful day ! O Father, send down
Beautiful peace, its mem'ry to crown ;
Beautiful, blessed, oh, may it be !
 Leading us on to Thee.

RESTING.

RESTING in Thee, Father, resting in Thee,
The world hath no power, no glory for me.
Thoughts sweet and holy, and joy beyond ken,
Fill me with rapture again and again.

Earth lies below me and heaven above,
While I float on in an ocean of love,
Trusting and blessed and happy and free,
For the presence of God resteth round about me.

AT EVENING.

SAT and watched the sunbeams
Fade o'er the distant hill;
The twilight hush was falling,
The world lay calm and still.

Somehow, as I watched them,
My heart grew strangely sad,—
I remembered that they carried
Away both good and bad,

That had been that day recorded
Against my name in heaven.
Oh, that God's sweet approval
Had but to all been given !

Still, still I sat and sorrowed,—
My evening tasks undone,—
Till the pale stars far above me
Shone o'er me, one by one.

Suddenly came a whisper,
That startled me, as I sat,—
“While thou art sadly grieving
O'er this wrong deed or that,

“Art not committing greater
And far more solemn sin,
In leaving unaccomplished
Tasks thou shouldst now begin ?

“In humble, contrite spirit,
Ask the kind God of love
Thy sins to now forgive thee;
And help thee from above.”

Thoughts for Special Occasions.

THOUGHTS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

EASTER HYMN.

CHILLY mists in the garden gloom,
Veiling the flowers fair,
Sighing breezes about the tomb,
Whispering of despair.

Look ! a glow in the eastern sky,
Herald of life and hope !
The breezes hasten more gladly by,
The flowers to beauty ope.

Celestial glows in the garden now
Wonders of joy display.
Oh, tidings the worlds have rejoiced to know,—
Christ rose on that Easter day !

Then ring, ye beautiful Easter bells,
Fair Easter lilies wave.
From each glad heart the carol swells,—
Christ triumphed o'er the grave.

AN EASTER REVERIE.

CALMLY the light of the afternoon sun,
On the happy Easter, shone
Holily, lovingly into my room,
As I, thoughtful, sat alone.

In my window was placed an Æolian harp ;
And the breezes, soft and low,
Lingered across it, and murmured, and sighed,
Seeming sweet, glad rest to know.

I closed my eyes, but the dreamy notes
Seemed thrillingly to repeat
Their weird, wild pleadings to my heart,
In whispers sweet — ah, sweet !

Softly they sang, till my soul seemed borne
On their quivering wings away,
Back, back, through the years that had rolled
between,
To the first glad Easter day.

Like the heavy stone at the Saviour's grave,
That hid Him from human sight,
Had the long years rolled up o'er that silent tomb,
To massive, blinding height.

But the sweet, weird notes bore me gently back,
Till I almost seemed to stand
Amidst the flowers of Joseph's grove,
In the distant Bible land.

The stone was no longer before the tomb,
The Saviour had risen, instead,
I could see Him there in the garden's sweet
gloom,—
The living One,—not the dead !

Oh ! bear my thoughts to the Victor's throne,
To my Intercessor's feet ;
And teach my heart a triumphant song
That shall be like thine own, full sweet.

OUR EASTER HOPE.

Calmly the great sun rolled
Up from the sea of gold,
Up to the azure sky,
Up to man's smiling eye,
On Easter morn.

Gladly the lilies fair
Opened to meet him there,

Down in the meadow green,
Bright with its dewy sheen,
On Easter morn.

So, many years ago,
Bright in the morning's glow,
Rose up the Heavenly Son,
Rose from the grave, dark, dun,
On Easter morn.

Long years have rolled away,
Yet on this happy day
Praise we the risen Lord,
By angel choirs adored,
On Easter morn.

Soon shall we be with Him,
Where tears shall no more dim
Eyes, that with gladness bright
See God, in joy and light,
On Easter morn.

Purchased at countless cost,
Saved from the world, sin-tossed,
Hope we in risen life,
With Jesus after strife,—
Glad Easter morn.

THE NATION'S AFFLICION.

MALACHI 3: 3.

BEFORE the glowing furnace the refiner sat alone,
His thought upon the silver in the fiery sea that shone,
Bending with watchful glances the crucible before,
Till his image there reflected should prove the metal pure.

Our nation in a furnace of affliction seemed to lie,
The flames of war around her leaped and darted heaven high.

The nation must be cleansed and the dross be burned away,
Be it civil strife and hatred or the curse of slavery.

Loud raged the fires and fiercely ere the nation freed became

From the dross of its pollution. In the purifying flame

Many noble men and mighty perished gladly, that the land

Be restored to brightest glory, 'mong the blest of God to stand.

And our God watched o'er it ever, for He would
 that it should show
The reflection of His image, that it should His
 favor know.
So He blessed it and preserved it, and restored it
 from the flame,
That it might shine forth a glory and an honor to
 His name.

So to-day we bow and praise Him for the land's
 prosperity.
So to-day we praise and thank Him for our land of
 liberty ;
And with tender thoughts and loving, we the fair
 spring flowers bring,—
To the noble ones who perished, memory's sweetest
 offering.

Strew them lovingly above them in the fresh and
 dewy grass,
As among their resting-places you with reverent
 footsteps pass ;
While the calm sun smiles above you and the winds
 their murmurs cease,
And the soft sky bends above you,—emblem of
 eternal peace.

THE DYING SOLDIERS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

OVER the battle-field tenderly fell
The rays of the setting sun,
Kissing the faces of dying and dead,
Whose vict'ries of life were won.

Mournfully upward the wounded gazed,—
Their pulses within them stirred.
Would their dimmed eyes again his beauty see?
Would the night-bird's song be heard?

Where the sweet light fell in a gold-flecked haze,
Through a copse of the southern field,
Two soldiers lay dying, two loyal forms lay
In the sunset light revealed.

The sound of the drums from the distance came,
Mellowed and softened, anear,
But their quick ears caught it, — the well-loved
sound,
That, in strength, they were wont to hear.

And one, with a sad and mournful smile,
Raised his heavy, aching head;
Then turned to the comrade beside him and asked,
“Friend, comrade, art living or dead?”

The whisper came quick, "Who are you, my friend?"
"I'm from the tenth Wisconsin, lad.
And you?" "From the Illinois sixth," he said,
And the light of his face was glad.

Then, "I cannot see," he added
In a quivering tone, "your face.
I am blinded, and dying, and anguished.
But you—?" With a quiet grace

The other answered, "I'm going
To the heaven of victory.
I shall never see yon sun rise."
He closed with a gentle sigh.

"Give me your hand, my comrade,"
The blinded soldier said.
The other pressed it, and, silent,
They lay hand-in-hand, till dead.

* * * *

At early dawn the searchers
Came to the corpse-strewn field
To bear away their comrades
Whose lips in death were sealed.

The sun threw its golden arrows
Aslant from over the hill,
Through the deserted valley
In the rosy dawning still.

Just beyond the copse where the sunbeams
Struggled tenderly through,
They found the two soldiers lying
With fingers locked. They knew

In a glance the pitiful story,
Of the long night hours of pain;
They knew how, together, their comrades
Faced death, in the quiet plain,

And they softened their tones as they bore them,
Together, away from the spot,
For the interlaced, icy fingers
Told a tale not soon forgot.

ANNIVERSARY THOUGHTS.

'T IS an hour of sweet rejoicing; let the joy bells
carol out.
Let the breezes bear the music of our happy praise
about,

For the presence of the Blessed One of God has
been our stay;
He has led us safely, gladly, to this Anniversary
day.

Shall we not with loving voices lift to God our
grateful songs,
Thanking Him for all His goodness, unto whom our
praise belongs?
Shall we not rejoice together and take courage that
we may,
Through another year of service, more like Jesus
work and pray?

'Tis an hour of tender mem'ry, as we think how
angel eyes
May be looking down upon us from a home beyond
the skies,—
Eyes that often met our glances in the olden happy
days,
While dear lips repeated welcomes, lips now singing
heavenly praise.

But, dear Father, help us say it truly, lovingly,
to-night!
God knows best; and sweetly trusting, all the path-
way shall be light.

And at last, when His word cometh unto us who
watch and wait,
We shall go to meet our Father and our loved at
heaven's gate.

So we gather with our praises, so we gather with
our song,

Now to thank Him for His guidance all our earthly
way along,

Now to ask that He would bless us as He ever yet
has done,

Through the year of loving service we to-night
begin upon.

Carol out in sweetest accent, Anniversary bells
to night,

Filling all our hearts with music and with holy,
sweet delight.

For the presence of the Spirit of our God shall be
our stay,

He will lead us, He will guide us, from this Anni-
versary day.

ANNIVERSARY SONGS.

ONCE again we meet together
In this dear and holy place,
Where we sing with hearts o'erflowing,
Songs of God's redeeming grace.

CHORUS.

We are singing, ever singing,
We are happy in His love ;
We are praying for His guidance,
That we all may reach His home above.

Through the past year many loved ones
Have their home in glory sought ;
Gathered to their Father's bosom,
Know they now of sorrow naught.

Sadly do we miss each dear one
From the hallowed place each filled ;
Knowing they are safe with Jesus,
Can we say, "Amen, God willed?"

Annivers'ry skies are softer,
But there's sunshine still to-day ;
The Sun of righteousness, appearing,
Driveth all the mists away.

Many hearts have found the Saviour ;
Now of peace and joy they sing ;
With our hearts and aims united,
Let our chorus heavenward ring.

SWEET voices are lifted in song,
Bright tear-drops by smiles are encrowned,
For beautiful memories throng
In hearts that true sweetness have found.

CHORUS.

Beautiful day ! beautiful day !
Oh, may thy sweet influence prove
A link in the chain of life's way,
To hold us wherever we rove !

Our Father has sent us bright showers,—
The drops that bring healing and life,—
Till low in these dark hearts of ours
The blossoms of beauty are rife.

And we would not hinder their growth,
But win them to fragrance and bloom.
Lord, send to us cloud and sun, both,
That they may true beauty assume.

OUR LIFE PICTURE.

PAINTED FOR GRADUATION DAY.

THE wonderful sunset-light shone through the hill-gaps,

Flooding the vale with a mystical glow!

Ah! it was all sweetly solemn and holy

There in the low-lying Vallée des Beaux.

A soft summer-shower was quivering, falling,

Over the sunset-lit valley below,—

Shimmering down, like a curtain of splendor,

Over the calm of the Vallée des Beaux.

Far in the east rose the pledge of Jehovah,

Kissing to beauty the cold, mountain snow,

And bending, in bright benediction and glory,

Over the wondering Vallée des Beaux.

Some one had dreamed it all, some one had seen it all,

Clear as a vision the angels might show;

Some one had felt in his soul the sweet thrilling

Of nature's rare pow'r in the Vallée des Beaux.

An artist eye caught it, the gleam from the summits,

The radiance calm of the o'er-arching bow,

The sparkle of jewelled drops,—all that was brightest,

At calm sunset hour, in the Vallée des Beaux.

And some one was filled with a longing and yearning
To make the bare canvas with life-warmth to glow,
That the beauty and light might be tenderly pris-
oned,—

That the world might be blessed in the Vallée des
Beaux.

Thought grew to a purpose. The artist made ready
The meaningless canvas, across which should flow
The quivering waves of a wonderful beauty,—
The beauty of Dreamland's sweet Vallée des
Beaux.

Day after day sped the busy hands. Slowly
Did the dim forms on the dark canvas grow,
Yet the artist worked on with his soul in his labor,
And ever before him the Vallée des Beaux.

At last it was done. The painter stepped backward
To gaze on his labor with rapture or woe,—
Woe, if he failed ; but with heaven-born rapture,
Had his brush caught the charm of the Vallée des
Beaux.

A shade crossed his features. “Yes, something is
needed,
A touch that would make it full perfect, I trow.

Dear God, give me power! Let Thy hand give
meaning

And life to my dream of the Vallée des Beaux.

“I thank Thee!” The brush in his fingers he
seizes,

And, as he were guided indeed, touches now
This portion, then that, till it seems in a moment
The living, the wonderful Vallée des Beaux!

We stand gazing out o'er a beautiful valley,
We see as a vision before us to-day,
Our life-work fair pictured in curvings of beauty,
With shadows and glories that over it play.

We see but its beauty. The soft shadows heighten
The glory that shines from the beautiful whole;
And we murmur, “May that which is purest and
brightest
Shine out, shadow-tempered and blest, from the
soul!”

We, dreaming, behold it in fair relief outlined
Against the calm sky of a future all bright,
Our beautiful dream of a life-work full blessed,
Illumined by hope's tender glory and light.

Life's canvas before us, God help us portray it
All beautiful, perfect, with glory replete,
Each soft outline rounded, each fair form completed,—
A whole for the gaze of the angels made meet.

MY WEDDING MORN.

THE bells ring up, and the bells ring out,
Through the clear, sweet air of morning,
And the sweet light flushes the eastern sky;
My wedding day is dawning.

The bells ring up, and the bells ring out,
A glad, sweet story telling,—
A tale of hope, and a tale of love,
While my heart with joy is swelling.

The bells ring up, and the bells ring out,
And softly I am praying
That God would let His blessings fall,
The hand of sorrow staying.

The bells ring up, and the bells ring out;
A new life they are bringing.
God knows the whole. I wait to read
The life-story they are ringing.

AT EIGHTY.

“I remember the days of old, I meditate on all Thy works;
I muse on the work of Thy hands.”

TO-NIGHT we gather, dear aged friend,
With thee a backward look to send
To the holy past.
And too, we would look to happy years
Of rest for strife, of smiles for tears,
And clouds o'erpast.

Thy dear ones here with a loving prayer
Bless thee, and would in thy heart-thoughts share,
On thy sweet birth-night.
Eighty long years of changeful life,
Eighty long years with sweetness rife,
Completed quite !

Rest after strife ! Ah ! 't is meet that those
Who have toiled and wept should at last repose,
In the calm of age.

'T is meet they should tenderly recall
The joys of youth, and the records all,
Of life's well-filled page.

God has sent thee pain, but thy long life spent
In His blessed service, dost thou repent ?

Ah ! thy heart says nay.
Was not He our Captain, Christ the Lord,
Made "perfect through suffering ?" Blessed Word !
He has passed this way.

With every stroke of His chastening rod,
Couldst thou not hear thy pitying God
Say, "It is I ?"
And though gross darkness covered thee,
"Thy will be done," all tremblingly
Thou didst reply.

And glory that it may be so,
That we through Him may triumph know
O'er grief and pain !
And glory that this truth we 're told,—
The loved we mourn, His arms enfold,—
Our loss, their gain !

To-night we pray that life's last years
May be thy best,—that the cares and tears
Of the olden days
May be replaced by love's calm sun-gleam ;
And the latest murmurs of life's sweet stream
Be one hymn of praise.

HARVEST THOUGHTS.

HARVEST bells are ringing sweetly
O'er the fields of ripened grain,
Pealing out a joyous welcome
To the harvest time again ;
Carolling in tones so tender
Of the year's rich garners filled,
Of the plenty, of the glory,
Of sweet prophecies fulfilled.

Oh, ring on, ye tuneful echoes
Of the sweet, glad harvest bells.
As your notes ring clearly upward,
Every heart with rapture swells.
Every heart is raised to Heaven,
In a glad, thanksgiving psalm,
For the Father's harvest blessings,
For life's glory and life's calm.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

HEAR sweet voices calling
In tearful, pleading prayer,
From the homes of erring loved ones,
Calling in wild despair,—

Voices that melt my stony heart
And bid me in God's work bear part.
Will you enlist for Temperance, and help the
cause of God?

I know that God will help us,
If, battling in His name,
We wave his glorious banner
Above the curse and shame.
If, trusting in Almighty pow'r,
We strive to hasten Victory's hour.
Will you enlist for Temperance, and help the
cause of God?

What other woe could threaten
Our precious native land,
So wild and sad and mighty
As this we would withstand!
God help us realize the need
Of answering as His children plead.
Will you enlist for Temperance, and help the
cause of God?

Not yet, perhaps, the victory,
But God is in His heaven,
And, when His own are faithful,
'T will then be surely given.

He saved us once from Slavery,
A Christian nation blest and free.

Will you enlist for Temperance, and help the
cause of God?

If in your heart awakens
An impulse sweet and fair,
To join God's faithful workers,
Oh! cherish it with prayer;
And know, as did the olden seer,
"He wakeneth mine ear to hear."

Will you enlist for Temperance, and help the
cause of God?

CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

THROUGH the glorious, star-lit dome of heaven
Rang a beautiful angel-chime,—
You know the story, the sweet, old story,
The story of Christmas time.

You know how the wonderful song went thrilling,
Out, out, o'er a slumb'ring earth,—
A song of good-will, and a song of glory,
On the night of our Saviour's birth.

And I think, at the rare, sweet eve of Christmas,
The beautiful angels come,
E'en now, their anthem of love to carol
Within our every home.

And I think that the little children hear them,
As they lie on their snowy beds ;
And I think that the Christ-Child, the Heavenly
Saviour,
A blessing around them sheds.

I 'll tell you, too, why I think the children,—
The little ones, sweet and dear,—
In their Christmas dreamings, sweet, tender dream-
ings,
The songs of the angels hear.

They smile in their sleeping, and murmur love-
words,
And the angels caroled such,
And their little faces, sweet, upturned faces,
Seem hallowed by angels' touch.

And the children wake in the early dawning
With a smile and a word of love ;
They are bringing the sweetness, the passing sweet-
ness,
They have caught from heaven above.

Let us welcome the message the children bring us,
As with love their faces shine,
Let us greet them gently, and love them fondly,
That they keep the joy divine.

And let us become as the little children,
At the loving Christmas hour,—
Loving, and gentle, and pure, and trustful,
Seeking the Christ-Child's power.

And, perchance, in the hush of the tender midnight,
The angels may draw nigh,
And, if our hearts are pure and childlike,
May forget to pass us by.

Thoughts of Childhood.



THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FIRST CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHILDREN, my children, a song for your ear,—
A beautiful story to-night,
Of the Saviour, the Promised One, Jesus the Christ,
Who for you left His kingdom of light !

There were people a-many, one day, in the street
Of a Judean village fair ;
From hither and thither they hastened to bring
The children to Jesus, there.

Can you not see them ? Look ! Jesus is there,
With a smile on His face, of love.
“ Oh ! suffer the children,” He says, “ for of such
Is My beautiful kingdom above.”

Children, my children, you 've heard it before ?
And you say, “ That was long ago ! ”
But ah ! little ones, does not Jesus love you ?
Oh ! do not your hearts tell you so ?

God tells us Himself, in His Word, that the Christ,
Who blessed little children that day,
Loves the same, guards, and will bless just the same
To-night, and forever and aye.

So children, my children, say, "Jesus, bless me!"
And the Saviour will bless you, and lay
His hand on your head, (though you may not see,)
As He did on the first Children's Day.

A FANCY.

A THOUGHT flew up to the azure sky, on tender,
dove-white wings;
'T was the beautiful Thought of a little child,— a
thought of heavenly things.
A cloud sailed over the quiet blue into the rosy
west,
So the Thought sailed, too, on the snow-white bark,
and folded its wings to rest.

Up into the golden sunset-light the fairy bark sped
on,
Over the rippling, shining waves where the heavenly
glory shone.

And the beautiful Thought, so frail and sweet, was
bathed in the glowing spray,
And wafted by tender winds above to the perfect,
heavenly day.

TO HELEN IRENE.

NOBODY ever was like you,
Dear little Helen Irene,
Nobody ever more precious,
Than you to my fond heart, I ween

Can it be true that the Father
Has given me you to my joy ?
How can I sweetly and fitly
His wonderful praise employ ?

Closely I fold you and ask Him
To make you His beautiful child,
Thus to be sweetly our comfort,—
Innocent, undefiled.

Dear little face, safely pillow'd
On the arm that would shield you in love,
May you early be bright with the shining
Of the love of the Saviour above !

Dear little hands, birdlike flutt'ring
Over thine innocent breast,
Sweet deeds and holy and loving
Be ever thy portion blest !

Little feet not yet entered
On the paths of earnest strife,
May you ever press upward and forward
In the way that is Truth and Life !

Oh ! how we love you, our darling,
Yet God loves you more than we.
God's child ! and He will give sweetly,
Beyond all our longing, to thee.

While the dew of thy babyhood holy
Lies upon thee in beautiful sheen,
We are praying the Father to bless thee,
Dear little Helen Irene

PROPHECY.

HE was only a busy boy. But the light
That kissed his forehead and cheeks and hair,
As he bent by the side of his sister fair,
Told the tale of a future bright.

He was only helping her to unfold
A parcel just left to her eager hands,
But he smiled, as he severed the dainty bands,
Her happiness to behold.

He was yet but a gentle boy when the cry
Came hurrying on to his ear and his heart,
“Oh, help us to tear from men’s spirits apart
The bands of a deep misery !”

It was only a pledge and a prayer and a will ;
But he kept them safe in his true, warm breast,
Till they grew to deeds and taught him, blest,
The sweet prophecy to fulfill.

So he grew. And no longer the boy came in
To help his sister and smile ; but, strong,
A man went forth with life’s battle-throng,
Helped by her prayers to win.

May the boys at a sister’s side to-day,
As they meet life’s foes, with God-sent powers
Fulfill the pledge of their boyhood hours,
And be heirs to a childhood’s sway.

TO AMY.

ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY.

DEAR little Amy, sweet little Amy,
Fond love surrounds thy way,
And tender wishes and hopes and kisses
Greet thee this glad birthday.

Autumn's fair glories are dawning about thee ;
May they be types unto thee
Of the glory and grace of the life all before thee,—
Its blessing and purity.

Ah ! may it be that as Love has shielded
Thus far thine earthly way,
Its gladdening presence may fold thee, and hold
thee,
Ever from harm and dismay !

We greet thee, our darling, with love's own blessing,
And this is our birthday prayer,—
The joy of a life that is sweet and helpful,
May it ever be thine to share !

Dear little Amy, sweet little Amy,
Just a year old to-day !
Ring out, O music of love, thoughts and kisses,
And sweeten our darling's way !

LITTLE GIRL FROM GEORGIA.

| FELL in love with you, darling, to-day ;
I can never forget you, I know.
I think I am better because of it ;
God grant that it may be so !

'T was only a sweet and artless word
By your baby lips expressed ;
'T was only a glance from your dear brown eyes,
But my inmost heart was blessed.

And I have prayed that the Loving One
Would bless you in all your life,
That it may with holy thoughts of peace
And loving deeds be rife !

TO HELEN.

A LITTLE white valentine, pure as a snow-flake,
Fluttered adown from the sky to me.
Dear little valentine, sweet little valentine,
Wonderful love thou hast brought with thee.

Dear little valentine, sweet little valentine,
I would look in at thine unstained soul,
And read the love-message the Father has sent me,—
Only a part,— He will teach me the whole.

Thoughts of the Departed.

THOUGHTS OF THE DEPARTED.

BEREAVEMENT.

ALONE! O Lord, not so! Be Thou with me,
And let Thy blessed presence solace be.
In anguish bowed, with pleading, longing heart,
I pray Thee Thine own power now impart.

I know Thou hast an “afterward,” O Lord,
For this my night of pain. Thy glorious Word
Has promised joy for woe, and praise for tears;
Thy wondrous love would silence doubts and fears.

And so I wait, and closer draw to Thee,
Lifting my eyes as if my soul must see
The loved one Thou hast led within the vail,
Where sorrow dies and pleasures never fail.

The waiting — it is hard. Yet moments come
When I seem to feel the atmosphere of Home;
And then I fancy little lies between
This present world and Thy fair realms unseen.

Prostrate and weak and pleading now I lie,
And pray that Thou wilt not Thy grace deny.
With Thee, O Lord, is everlasting strength;
Uphold me till I reach Thy side at length.

I know Thou 'rt Love. Oh! make the knowledge
blest,
Till in its power my soul shall sweetly rest ;
For "some sweet day" the clouds shall melt in light
And glory burst upon my longing sight.

ANOTHER GONE HOME.

ANOTHER gone home? As we ask it,
Heart-awed, for a moment we wait
To think of the glorious mansions
Beyond the beautiful gate.
We think how someone has entered
Those portals of glory fair,
To know of the untold beauties,
And the joys awaiting there.

Another gone home? So we ask it,
In accents hushed and low ;
And we think of the sorrow of others
Who the anguish of parting know.

We lift a prayer to the Father,
To be with them in trial's hour ;
Then on in life's whirl and hurry
We are borne with resistless power.

Another gone home ? So we ask it.
Another ? — and this was our friend !
In our hearts startled, wounded, and grieving,
Love and longing and suffering blend.
The words we are yearning to utter,
Our hearts are too full to repeat.
We can only remember we loved her,
'Mid thronging memories sweet.

Another gone home ? Bowed and stricken,
Yet still to our souls seems to come
A murmur of music celestial,
A breath from the perfect home.
For again the angels have opened
The portals of joy and light,
And she whom we loved has entered,
Beyond earth's sorrowful night.

LITTLE RALPH.

ISAIAH 43: 1, 2.

O H, sorrowful mother ! thy little one lies
In the Saviour's embrace. Never fear ;
Be glad in the wonderful joy that he knows,
While angel-songs ravish his ear.

Thy "little one" ever ! No long years of sin,
Of suffering, trial, and woe ;
No sad hours of weeping, no moments of grief,
Shall he again, dear mourner, know.

Oh, when thou dost meet him again, will he not,
With dear, loving arms hold thee fast ?
Sweet, pure, little angel — thine own ! What a link
To draw thee to heaven at last !

He is not less thine own. Ah, no, and thou hast
An angel-child. Sorrow not thou ;
Remember that He who hath loved you hath said,
"I will not leave you comfortless," now.

I think He must be with you, specially near,
In this your affliction. He knows
The anguish of earth-partings. Ah, He is not
Untouched by humanity's woes !

I know of thy little one's sweet, witching ways ;
I know that thy sorrow is great ;
But I know that thy Saviour is able to bless,
In compassionate love doth He wait.

PEARL.

SHE went to gather the flowerets fair,
Bright with the morning dew.
They were sweet and rare,
As the playful air
Hurried their bright ranks through.

She loved them fondly,— my little Pearl,—
And sought them where'er she might.
She would fasten a whorl
In dress and curl
And laugh at the merry sight.

She thought they were glad because she came ;
They would lift their heads and nod.
I thought the same,
And was I to blame ?
I loved her next to God.

I went one day to the dewy mead
To gather the flowers sweet.
They were fair indeed,
And they seemed to plead
That they might my darling greet.

She could not come to them where they shed
Perfume on the sunlit air;
On her little bed
Lay the golden head,
And I carried the blossoms there.

Like her they were pure and free from guile,
The flowers her heart had loved.
I tried to smile,
For I knew the while
That 'mid heavenly flowers she roved.

ONLY YESTERDAY.

| T seems only yesterday ! so you said ;
And your eyes were dreamy and sad,
As you thought of the gentle friend of the past,
Whose presence had made you glad.

Your thoughts were traveling, dear, I know,
Through the years that had rolled between,
As you wondered what they had been to her
In the realms of the great Unseen.

I knew you were feeling the hush of peace
That falls when you think of her—
Legacy of an unselfish life—
Your inmost heart to stir.

And then did you think, with a little start,
How soon a dear voice may say
Of me, as of her, "Ah! can it be?
It seems only yesterday!"

GRANDMOTHER'S THIMBLE.

THE house was silent and lonely;
Dear grandmamma had died.
We had laid her in the graveyard,
The love of her youth beside.
Back to the silent chambers
Where her aged feet had trod,
How could we go, and remember
She was not with us, but with God !

The old clock's musical ticking
Seemed too loud in the empty room ;
The sunlight seemed too gayly
To mock at our silent gloom.
I wanted to shut the sunshine
Away from the hallowed spot,
And still the old clock's music,
But ah ! I did it not.

For there lay the old, worn Bible,
She had read with dimming eye ;
And there the sunbeams softened
To kiss it tenderly,
And the old clock hushed to a murmur
Its calm, unbroken song,
As I gazed on the worn old pages
That her heart had loved so long.

There was something to remind us
Of the old days, o'er and o'er.
We could almost seem to see her,
Hear her step upon the floor.
And once — 't was a little matter,
Yet I cannot help but weep —
They found her bright worn thimble
In her pocket. I shall keep

Forever amongst the glories
That in Memory's chambers shine
The vision that thimble brought me,
And its influence benign.
For it told of patient trials,
Of feeble hands and slow,
To do a little service
And then, perhaps, to go.

Oh, shine, ye happy visions
Of hope and joy and love!
Enshrined in Memory's kingdom,
Ye lead my thoughts above.
But far more brightly beaming,
Above you all, I see
The sweet, inspiring picture
That thimble brought to me.

MUST WE WAIT TILL THE PARTING?

|| LAY me down in the beautiful wood,
One day.
And dreamed in loving and thoughtful mood
Of my dear ones. And there from a distance viewed;

Their virtues and beauties in magnitude
Grew sweetly. I love them so fondly now
I wish I could know, as at eve they bow,
That as I for them, they for me still pray.

A bird soared over me there as I lay,
And sang.

I heard the song in the distance gray
Grow softer and sweeter and fade away.
And I wondered then if some woodland fay
Had folded me in a mystic spell,
I loved to con it o'er so well,—
That song that now only in memory rang.

Ah ! is it so? Do we never learn,
To-day,
The depth and height of affection's urn,
How its glowing blossoms sunward turn ?
Must we wait till to-morrow's partings stern
Teach us how we love, and how well we prize,
These golden blessings from Paradise,—
The loves, the songs, of our happy way ?

BEYOND.

THERE 'S no need for sorrow, darling,
For God is a God of love,
And life, with its mazy pathways,
Shall lead to the home above.
Then remember, whate'er befalls you,
The trials will soon be o'er,
And joy evermore awaiteth,
With the cherished ones gone before.

I know when the tears fall, darling,
You think it would sweeter be,
If life might be wholly sunshine
And pleasure for you and me ;
But we can not read the ending
Of the story unfinished yet ;
We shall read it complete, in heaven,
Not a providence to regret.

God knows the need of each moment
Far better than we can know,
So He guides us in days of sweetness,
And strengthens in days of woe.
Then forget not, forget not, darling,
Thy God is a God of love,
And life, with its mazy pathways,
Still leads to the home above.

HEART-LIFE.

LIKE a mighty river flowing in its grandeur to the sea,
Is the heart-life of my being, seeking e'er eternity.
Day by day it rolleth onward, with resistless force and power.
Would it might grow wider, grander, gaining beauty hour by hour!

As the winds upon the river lash to foam its surface fair,
So emotions of my heart-life break the calmness erstwhile there.
Happy is it if they only surface loveliness defile,—
Happy if the deeper current be unstayed and calm, the while!

Happy if by grand, true living, by a consecrated will,
All the heart-depths be made holy, life's best promise to fulfill!
Happy if the throbbing current follow e'er the channel blest,
God in wisdom, high, omniscient, opened for it,— knowing best!

HIS WAY OR MINE?

"I will make darkness light before them."—ISAIAH 42: 16.

| T 'S only a step in the darkness,—
God shows you so plainly His will,
You may know that the glow of His presence
His promise will sweetly fulfill.

Take the step, as He asks you, my dear one ;
Light shall yet flood the path of your feet,
And His own, blessed love-words shall greet you,
Unfolding His purposes sweet.

He 's asking that you would just trust Him ;
And can you refuse the dear voice
Of Him who so often has met you,
And taught your sad heart to rejoice ?

Know you not for your best He is leading ?
He knows what must come, if you fail,
So He tenderly pleads with you, dear one ;
Remember His grace will avail.

Some day He will show you it mattered
Far more than you realize now,
For life has no step unimportant ;
Then act, as He 's teaching you how.

His presence shall sanctify trial,
And be for your glory and rest;
Your lips shall be filled with the song, dear,
"He knew, and His way was the best."

WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?

GO not to the shade of the churchyard dim,
Seeking the lowly bed,
Where they laid thy dear one's quiet form,—
He is living; he is not dead.

'T is not the place for thy feet to-day;
Let thy spirit grow strong instead,
With thoughts of the unseen world so near:
His home, for he is not dead.

Seek not for the living among the dead,
The Scripture sweetly saith;
Messiah hath given eternal life,
For His own there is no death.

PROMISE.

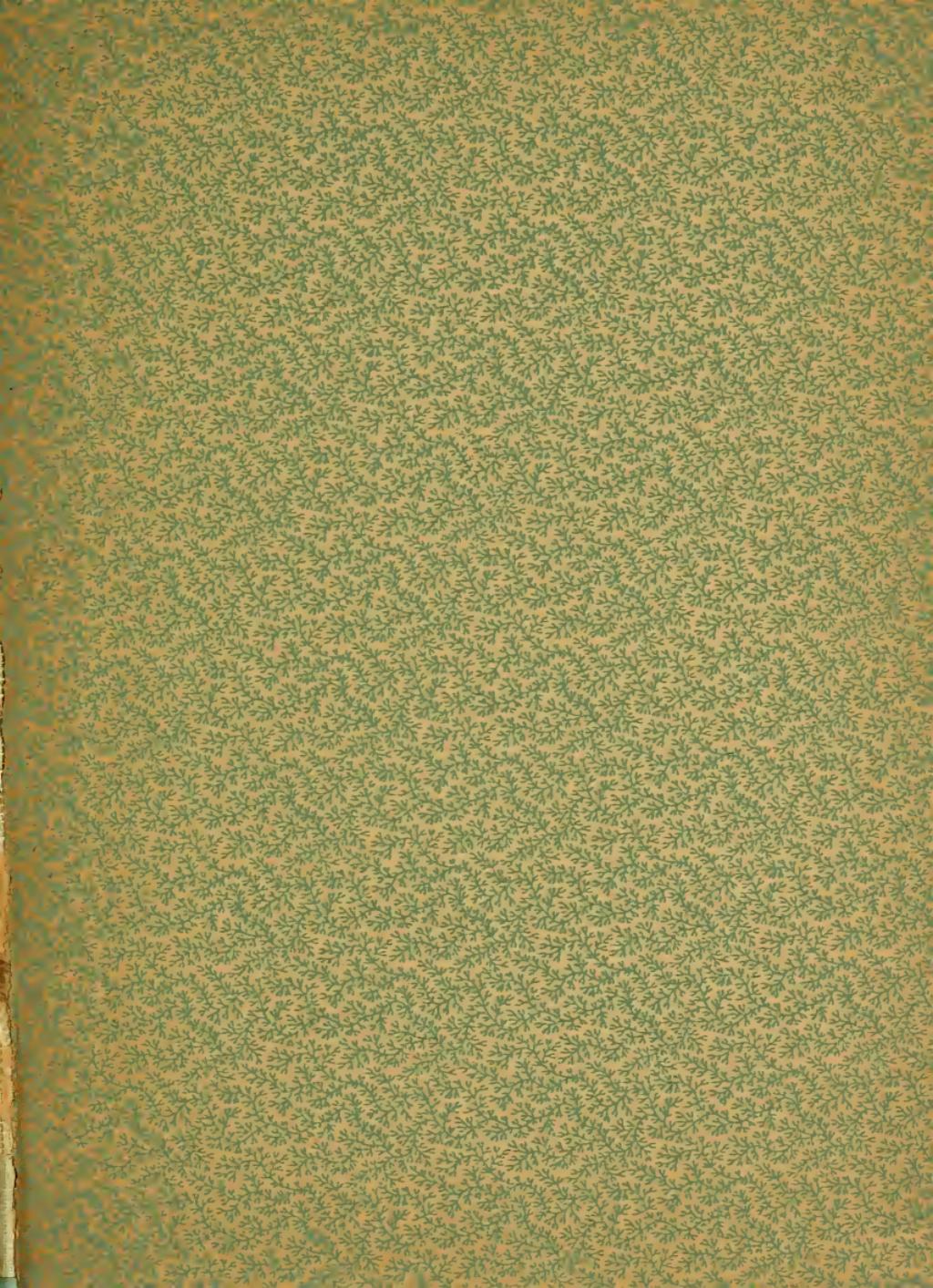
SAT by the window and watcned the sky,
In the fading afternoon,
And a yearning sadness filled my heart,
For the day was passed so soon !

The sun sank down o'er the western hills,
And my heart, in its thrilling pain,
Murmured, "Alas ! a day has gone,
Never to come again."

A whisper soft through the silence fell,
"Wherfore, my child, be sad ?
There is one day less for His own to wait
Christ's coming, to make them glad."

I softly murmured the love-fraught words,
Till they thrilled me through and through ;
And life took on new meaning there,
And nobler and sweeter grew.





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